MARVEL
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LGY#417
STRANGE
MacKAY
FERREIRA
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POGGI
TARTAGLIA
SOBREIRO

STRANGE

A few months ago, Earth's Sorcerer Supreme, Doctor Stephen Strange, was murdered! With his death, Earth's magic barrier fell, and Earth was soon invaded by kingdoms from different dimensions.

One of these invaders was Clea, Strange's estranged wife, who was being chased by the Peregrine Child and the Three Mothers. They were powerful predators hunting all magical beings to feed the Child.

In order to solve his murder and stop the invasion, a young Strange was summoned from the past and was able to resurrect his older self!

But even with the threat defeated and Earth safe again, Stephen's resurrection was only temporary. But before joining the afterlife, he left his Eye of Agamotto and Cloak of Levitation to his true love: Clea, Sorcerer Supreme of the Dark Dimension.

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I AM THE SORCERER SUPREME OF THIS WORLD. AND ONE FAR MORE BRUTAL.
WHO ARE YOU TO TELL ME WHAT I CAN AND CANNOT DO?
THE WIND BETWEEN THE GRAVESTONES.
THE HAND UPON THE SCYTHE.
THE REAPER OF THE ERRANT DEAD.
I AM THE HARVESTMAN.

AND YOU WILL *NOT* RESURRECT STEPHEN STRANGE!

THAT MORNING.
177A BLEECKER STREET, GREENWICH VILLAGE, NEW YORK.
THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM.
NOK NOK NOK
WOOF
WOOF
WOOF!
NOK NOK NOK
PLEASE, BATS.
SORRY.
REMINDER TO SELF: CREATE A HAUNTED SUIT OF ARMOR TO ANSWER THE DOOR.
NOK NOK NOK
BY THE HOARY HOSTS OF HOGGOTH, I AM LITERALLY OPENING THE DOOR--

CLEA.
AH. VICTOR VON DOOM.
SPEAKING OF HAUNTED SUITS OF ARMOR.
WHAT?
YOU HAD BEST COME INSIDE, THEN.
I DO HAVE NEIGHBORS.

WOULD YOU LIKE COFFEE?
THE COFFEE OF THIS DIMENSION IS *TRAGIC*, BUT I'M CERTAIN *YOU'RE* USED TO IT BY NOW.
NO.
SUIT YOURSELF.
WHAT DO YOU *WANT*, VICTOR?
THIS VISIT IS A COURTESY.
OBVIOUSLY, WITH STRANGE DEAD, I WILL ATTAIN THE TITLE OF SORCERER SUPREME.
I'VE COME FOR THE *EYE OF AGAMOTTO* AND THE *CLOAK OF LEVITATION*.
AH.
NO.

NO?
NO.
THE TITLE OF SORCERER SUPREME BELONGED TO STEPHEN STRANGE.
MY HUSBAND.
WHICH MAKES IT MINE NOW.
THAT IS NOT HOW--
THAT IS NOT HOW IT WORKS!
STRANGE COULD NOT SIMPLY GIVE THE TITLE TO HIS WOMAN--
AND YET, HERE I AM.
YOU ARE MAD.
OFTEN ANGRY, CERTAINLY. I HAVE BEEN WIDOWED TWICE WITHIN THE SPAN OF A WEEK.
I AM OF THE FALTINE, VICTOR. WE DO NOT HAVE FAMILY NAMES, AND SO IT SEEMED APPROPRIATE FOR ME TO TAKE THAT OF MY LATE HUSBAND'S.

THERE IS STILL A STRANGE ON BLEECKER STREET.
AND THAT STRANGE IS STILL THE SORCERER SUPREME.
THIS TRICKERY WILL NOT STAND.
CAREFUL, VICTOR.
REMEMBER TO WHOM YOU SPEAK.
THIS IS ABSURD.
I WILL NOT BE SPOKEN TO IN SUCH A--
AND I WILL NOT BE SPOKEN TO AS SUCH IN MY PLACE OF POWER!

I HAVE NO WISH FOR THIS POWER, VICTOR.
THIS WAS *STEPHEN'S* DESIGN. HIS LAST WISH--TO SPITE YOU IN SERVICE TO HIS WORLD.
*THAT VICTOR VON DOOM MIGHT **NEVER** BECOME THE SORCERER SUPREME.*
THIS IS NOT DONE. THIS IS AN OUTRAGE.
THE *VISHANTI* WILL HEAR OF THIS--
AH, YES.
GO AND CRY TO THE VISHANTI, VICTOR. BY ***ALL MEANS.***
STEPHEN FOUGHT THE ***WAR OF THE SEVEN SPHERES*** FOR THE VISHANTI. FOUGHT IT FOR ***FIVE THOUSAND YEARS.***
WILL THEY HONOR ***HIS*** DYING WISH, DO YOU THINK?
OR WILL THEY ACQUIESCE TO THE CRYING OF ***VICTOR VON DOOM?***
VICTOR VON DOOM, WHO DID ***NOTHING*** WHEN THE WARLORDS INVADED EARTH, WHEN THE ***PEREGRINE CHILD*** AND THE ***THREE MOTHERS*** RAN ROUGHSHOD ACROSS THE WORLD?
I WONDER.

THIS IS NOT OVER, WITCH.
SORCERER, VICTOR.
SORCERER SUPREME.
MAKE LIKE A BANANA AND SPLIT, BABY!
YEAH! PUT AN EGG IN YOUR SHOE AND BEAT IT!
HE CAN'T HEAR YOU, DARLINGS.
YOU THINK WE'D SASS HIM IF HE COULD?
WAS THAT DOOM I JUST SAW LEAVING?
YES. I'M AFRAID I RATHER HURT HIS FEELINGS, WONG.
GODS, I WISH I HAD BEEN HERE FOR THAT.
HE UNDERESTIMATED ME. THOUGHT THAT I WOULD SURRENDER WITHOUT A FIGHT. IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.
HE WILL BE A PROBLEM THOUGH.
REALLY? DR. DOOM? DO YOU THINK SO?
HUSH.

YOU LOOK LIKE HELL.
IT WAS A LATE NIGHT AT THE BAR WITH NO DOORS.
OR EARLY MORNING.
LATE MORNING.
HM.
YOU HAVE BEEN DRINKING FAR TOO MUCH, WONG.
I STILL HURT, CLEA. SO IT WOULD APPEAR THAT I'VE BEEN DRINKING FAR TOO LITTLE.
...
YOU NEED COFFEE.
I NEED COFFEE. AND EARTH COFFEE IS A WASTE OF TIME.
I NEED PROPER DARK DIMENSION ROAST. COME WITH ME AND WE WILL BUY SOME, AND WE WILL PUT OUR MINDS BACK TOGETHER.
THERE'S A GOBLIN MARKET NEARBY. THEY WILL HAVE EXTRADIMENSIONAL COFFEE.
EXCELLENT.
YOU SEEM RATHER CHIPPER.
PUTTING DOOM IN HIS PLACE DID WONDERS FOR MY MOOD, IT'S TRUE.
BUT THE GRIEF THREATENS TO DROWN ME, WONG. WITHOUT SOMETHING TO FOCUS ON, I FEAR I WILL SINK INTO IT AND DIE MYSELF.
SO I HAVE RESOLVED UPON A PLAN TO THROW MYSELF INTO. OURSELVES INTO.
YOU SEE, WE ARE GOING TO BRING STEPHEN BACK.

NOW, NORMALLY, IT IS *MY DUTY* TO DISSUADE THE SORCERER SUPREME FROM SUCH IDEAS...
DON'T BOTHER.
I AM OF THE *FALTINE*, WONG. I AM NOT HUMAN, AND I NEVER HAVE BEEN.
MY MOTHER IS THE WARLORD *UMAR*. MY UNCLE, THE DREAD *DORMAMMU*.
I HAVE WARLORD BLOOD IN MY VEINS.
I WANT WHAT IS MINE, WONG.
AND *STEPHEN STRANGE* IS *MINE*.
I WILL SUFFER NO ONE, NOT EVEN *DEATH*, TO TAKE ONE WHO BELONGS TO ME.
ALL RIGHT.
HOW ARE WE TO GO ABOUT IT?
TRULY? I HAVE NO IDEA YET-- I THOUGHT IT WOULD TAKE ME LONGER TO CONVINCE YOU NOT TO TRY TO *STOP* ME.
MY HEART HURTS SO BADLY I CAN BARELY *FUNCTION*, CLEA, LET ALONE STOP YOU.
DURING THE WHOLE AFFAIR OF THE PEREGRINE CHILD, WE WERE MOVING TOO QUICKLY TO PROPERLY GRIEVE.
AND THEN HE BROUGHT HIMSELF BACK...
LONG ENOUGH TO SAVE THE WORLD, AT ANY RATE.
BUT NOT LONG ENOUGH TO SAVE *HIMSELF*. GODS. LOSING HIM TWICE.
THRICE. THE *YOUNGER* VERSION OF HIM AS WELL. *GODS*.

AH, HERE WE ARE.
THE SHROUDED BAZAAR.

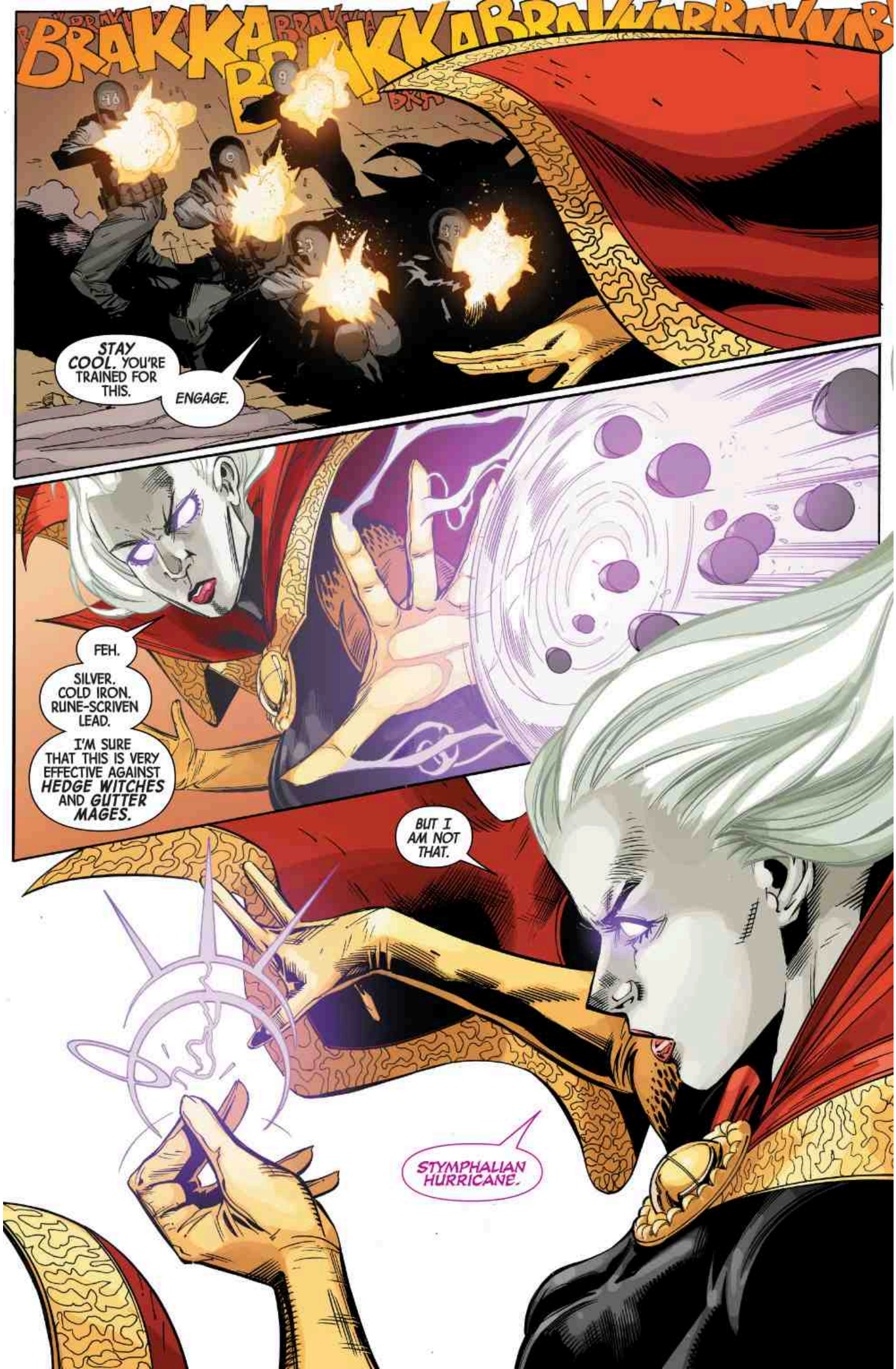
AH.
SPECTACULAR.
IT IS QUITE NICE, ISN'T IT? ELVES, DEMONS, TROLLS, GOBLINS... THERE IS QUITE A SUPERNATURAL HALF-WORLD IN NEW YORK.
DO YOU WANT A MUSPELHEIM FIRE-WASP WRAP?
HM? OH, NO THANK YOU.
MMMM.
I BELIEVE THAT THIS HAS SAVED MY LIFE.
ALL OF THIS IS KEPT HIDDEN WITH GLAMOURS, MEMORY CHARMS--THAT SORT OF THING?
MORE OR LESS. PLUS OBFUSCATION RUNES AND TERROR CANTRIPS. THE UNINITIATED WOULD SEE THAT ALLEY AS A MUGGING WAITING TO HAPPEN.
BUT FOR THE INITIATED, THERE IS A WHOLE DIFFERENT NEW YORK UNDER THE SKIN OF THE MUNDANE.
EVEN MORE SO SINCE THE WARLORD INCURSION. REFUGEES FROM THE REALMS DESTROYED BY THE CHILD, FROM SHATTERED KALUMESH, DEFECTORS FROM THE WARLORD STATES ON EARTH...
WE HAVE SINGING SWORDS, MISTRESS. WE HAVE DANCING SWORDS, VORPAL SWORDS, BLESSED SWORDS...
NO SERIAL NUMBERS, NO CURSES. GUARANTEED TO NEVER BREAK, NEVER GO DULL.
HMMM. SO WHO CONTROLS THIS PLACE?
CONTROL? I DON'T KNOW, TO BE HONEST. I'VE NEVER THOUGHT TO ASK.

WE CONTROL *OURSELVES*, GOOD MISTRESS. THIS IS A FREE BAZAAR. *NO ONE* RUNS US.
"THE *KINGPIN* TRIED HIS HAND, BUT OUR MAGIC WAS TOO TRICKY FOR HIM.
"*THE HOOD* TRIED, BUT EVEN *HE* UNDERSTOOD MAGIC LESS WELL THAN HE HAD THOUGHT.
3
"THE *BLASPHEMY CARTEL* CAME AROUND JUST YESTERDAY, THINKING WE WOULD FOLD, AND WE TOLD THEM WHERE TO GO IN NO UNCERTAIN TERMS."
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA
THEY'LL NOT BE BACK.
YOU SURE ABOUT THAT?

THIS IS NOBODY 23.
WE'VE ENGAGED.
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BOOM
BLASPHEMY CARTEL!
THEY'RE BACK!
CAREFUL-- THEY'RE WARDED!
SPLURK
URKK!

NO.
NO.
NO!
I WILL NOT COUNTENANCE THIS!

I'M CLOCKING A MASSIVE OCCULT POWER DISCHARGE--
IT'S READING AS-- NO--
THE SORCERER SUPREME IS HERE!
46
KABRAKK
KABRAKK
BULL!
INTEL SAYS STRANGE IS DEAD!
NO.
STRANGE IS HERE.


BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA
STAY COOL. YOU'RE TRAINED FOR THIS.
ENGAGE.
FEH.
SILVER. COLD IRON. RUNE-SCRIVEN LEAD.
I'M SURE THAT THIS IS VERY EFFECTIVE AGAINST HEDGE WITCHES AND GUTTER MAGES.
BUT I AM NOT THAT.
STYMPHALIAN HURRICANE.

YEAARGHHH!!!
BY THE VISHANTI...
SHE CRACKED OUR WARDS LIKE THEY WERE NOTHING!
USE THE SOLOMON GRENADE!
23
46
HYAAA!

I AM FREE!
BOOM
MAGICAL AMMUNITION. WARDS. BOUND DEMONS.
YOU ARE BETTER PREPARED THAN YOUR TYPICAL GANGSTERS.
DIRE'S SCOURGING RAY!
AIIEE!!!
BUT MY PEOPLE WERE BINDING DEMONS TO OUR SOULS WHILE YOUR PEOPLE WERE CLICKING ROCKS TOGETHER IN CAVES.

YEAAAARGHHHH!
AND THIS ONE WILL SERVE ME...
...WHEN I WISH IT.
THIS IS NOBODY 23!
REQUESTING IMMEDIATE SUMMONING!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, LITTLE GANGSTER?
LITTLE KILLER?

DO NOT FEAR, WORM.
I WILL ALLOW YOUR MAGI TO SUMMON YOU BACK TO SAFETY.
BECAUSE I WANT YOU TO TELL WHOMEVER YOU REPORT TO...
R-REQUESTING IMMEDIATE SUMMONING...
...THIS PLACE IS UNDER MY PROTECTION.
I AM THE SORCERER SUPREME.
AND I AM WARLORD-BORN.

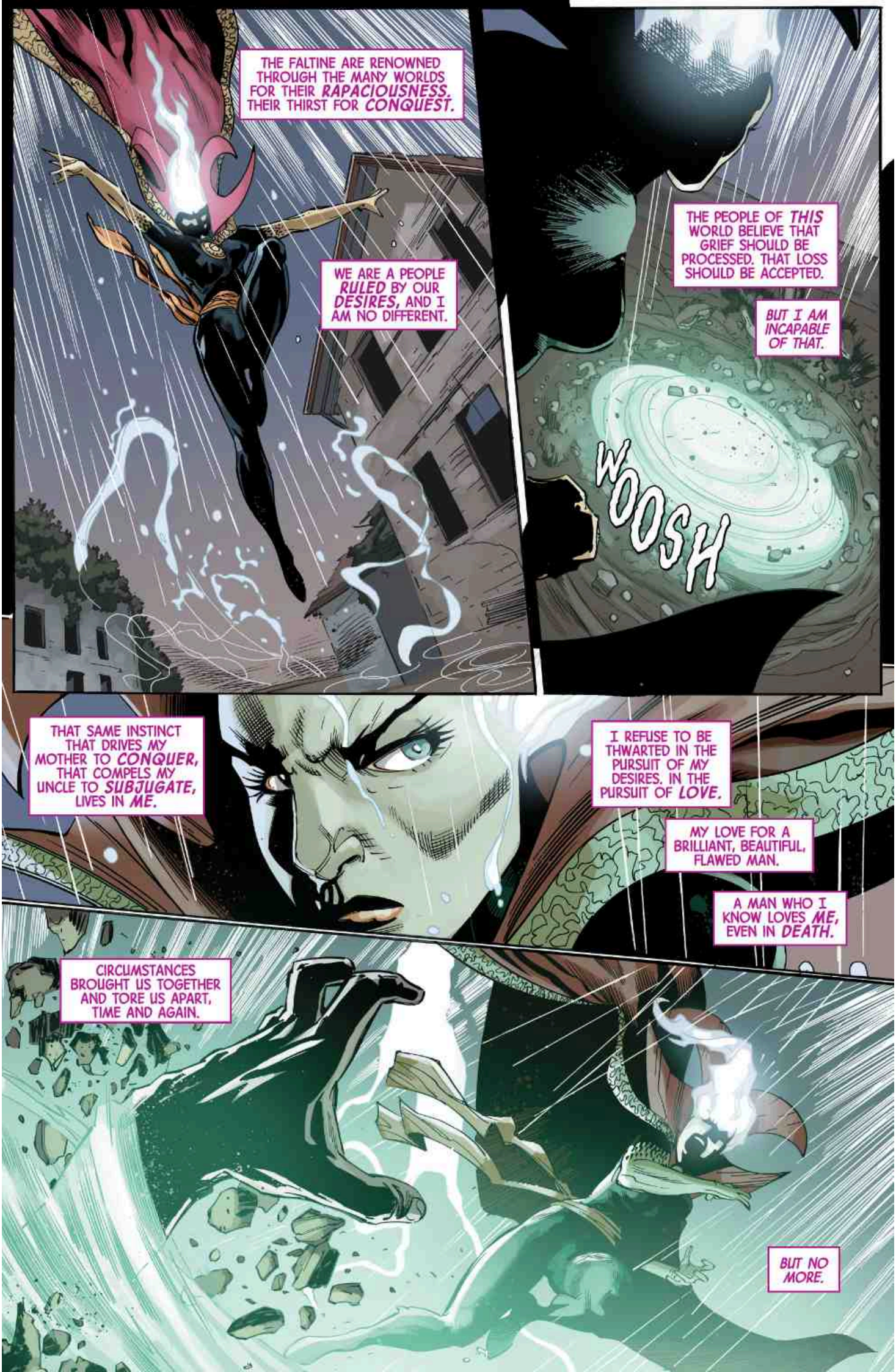
"FIND OUT WHAT THAT MEANS AT YOUR PERIL."
EVENING.
SO. THE GREAT WORK.
YES. BRINGING STEPHEN BACK.
CAN YOU DO THAT?
YES, DARLING.
I'M MAGIC.
DON'T GET HIS HOPES UP YET, CLEA.
IF WE ARE GOING TO DO THIS--IF WE CAN DO THIS--THERE IS A GREAT DEAL OF WORK TO BE DONE FIRST.
IT IS NOT SO SIMPLE AS THAT, BATS.
IT MAY BE EVEN SIMPLER THAN THAT.
WONG, HOW MANY OF STEPHEN'S LITTLE FRIENDS, THE CAPE-AND-MASK ONES, HAVE COME BACK FROM THE DEAD?
ALL OF THEM, IT SOMETIMES SEEMS.
THEN WE MUST ENTERTAIN THE POSSIBILITY THAT STEPHEN WILL SIMPLY COME BACK ON HIS OWN.
OH, DON'T GIVE ME THAT LOOK, WONG.
YOU CAN'T EVEN SEE ME.
I KNOW THE LOOK.

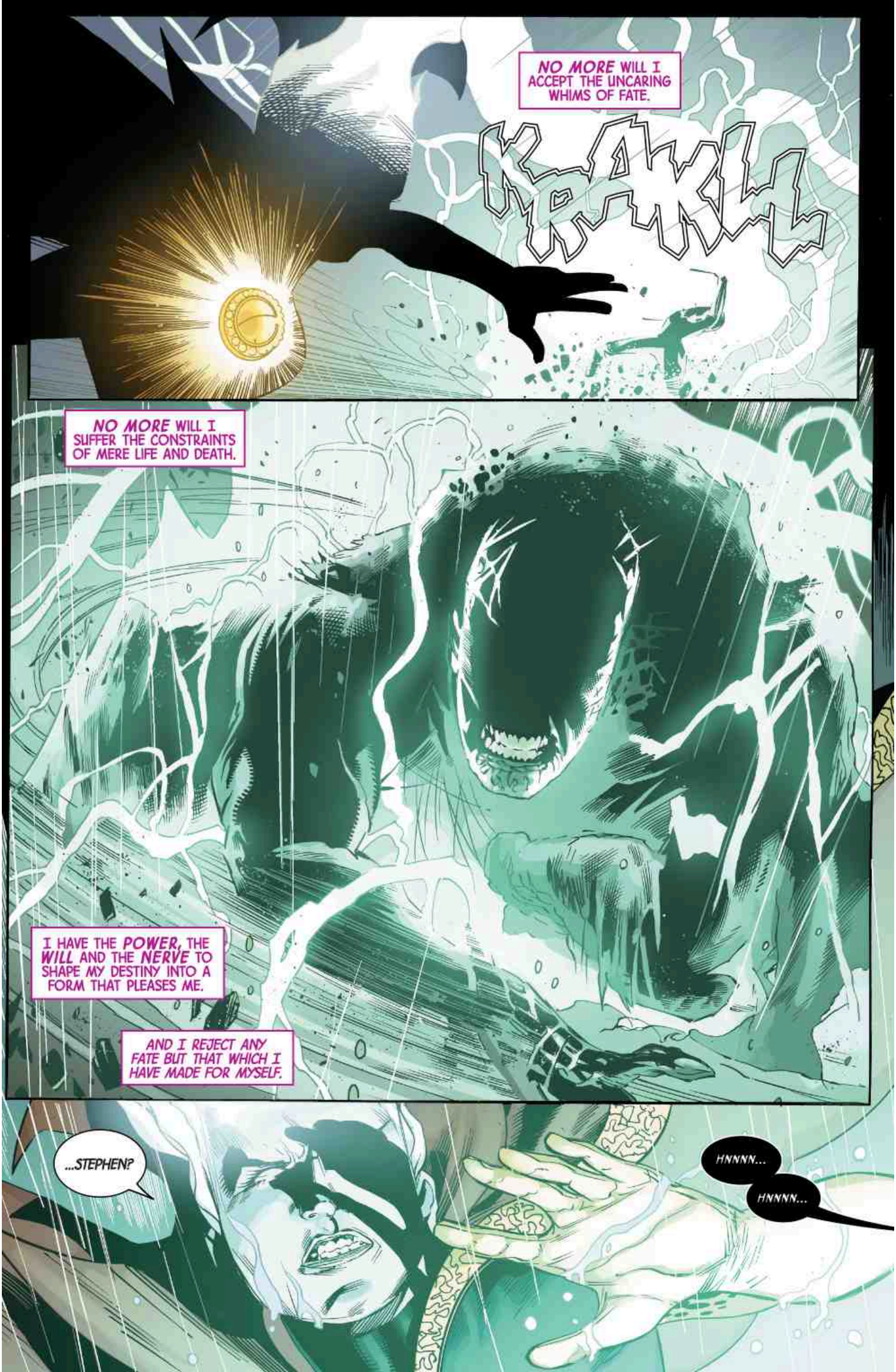
I AM NOT SUGGESTING THAT WE SIT ON OUR HANDS AND WAIT FOR HIM TO COME BACK.
BUT IN THE EVENT THAT HE DOES...
...THIS MORNING, I CAST A SPELL OF PASSIVE DETECTION.
CALL IT A SMOKE DETECTOR, IF YOU WILL.
IT STAYS IN PLACE OVER THIS CITY AND ALERTS ME IF THERE ARE ANY SURGES OF NECROMANTIC ENERGY.
CLEA, I FEAR YOU ARE GETTING YOUR OWN HOPES UP TO AN UNREALISTIC DEGREE.
I AM THE SORCERER SUPREME, WONG.
THE UNREAL IS MY BUSINESS.
I SUPPOSE I CAN'T ARGUE WITH THAT.
BUT IN THE MEANTIME, WE SHOULD SPEAK WITH THOSE WHO HAVE DIED AND RETURNED.
PERHAPS THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING USEFUL THEY CAN SHARE.

SPEAKING OF WHICH, HAVE YOU CONTACTED THE AVENGERS YET?
THEY WILL WANT TO KNOW HOW TO CONTACT THE SORCERER SUPREME IN TIMES OF NEED.
NO.
BUT THAT CAN WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW.
YOU ARE PERTURBED, WONG. WHAT IS ON YOUR MIND?
THE "BLASPHEMY CARTEL."
THERE WAS SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THEM... THEY WERE SURPRISINGLY WELL EQUIPPED--BEFORE YOU KILLED THEM ALL.
STEPHEN WOULD NEVER HAVE DONE THAT.
I AM NOT STEPHEN, WONG.
THEY WERE KILLERS.
IT WAS A KINDER END THAN I WOULD HAVE GRANTED THEM IN THE DARK DIMENSION.
BUT THIS IS EARTH, CLEA!
YOU MAY NOT BE STEPHEN. BUT YOU ARE THE SORCERER SUPREME OF THIS PLANET, AND YOU MUST ACT LIKE IT--
WAIT.
IS THAT YOUR SPELL?

YES.
SOMEONE IS CROSSING INTO THE LANDS OF THE LIVING.
CLEA, YOU DON'T KNOW THAT IT'S *HIM*--
IT *IS*, WONG. IT *HAS* TO BE.
YOU MUST--
PLEASE, CLEA, AT LEAST *BE CAREFUL*, I *BEG* OF YOU...
...I CANNOT LOSE ANOTHER STRANGE.

MY NAME IS CLEA STRANGE.
AND I HAVE WATCHED THE LOVE OF MY LIFE DIE.
BUT BEFORE HE DID, IN AN ATTEMPT TO MAKE THE WORLD HE SO LOVED--*THIS WORLD*--SAFER, HE GAVE ME *FOUR THINGS.*
THE CLOAK OF LEVITATION.
THE EYE OF AGAMOTTO.
THE TITLE OF SORCERER SUPREME.
AND A FOURTH, *SECRET THING* THAT MADE IT ALL POSSIBLE.
EVEN IF I TOLD DOOM WHAT IT WAS, WHAT ALLOWED ME TO *CHEAT* THE MECHANISMS OF THE OFFICE OF SORCERER SUPREME, HE COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND IT.
BECAUSE IT IS ANATHEMA TO HIM.
HE HAS NO IDEA WHAT IT IS TO TRULY LOVE, TO TRULY TRUST.
JUST LIKE DORMAMMU. JUST LIKE MY MOTHER.

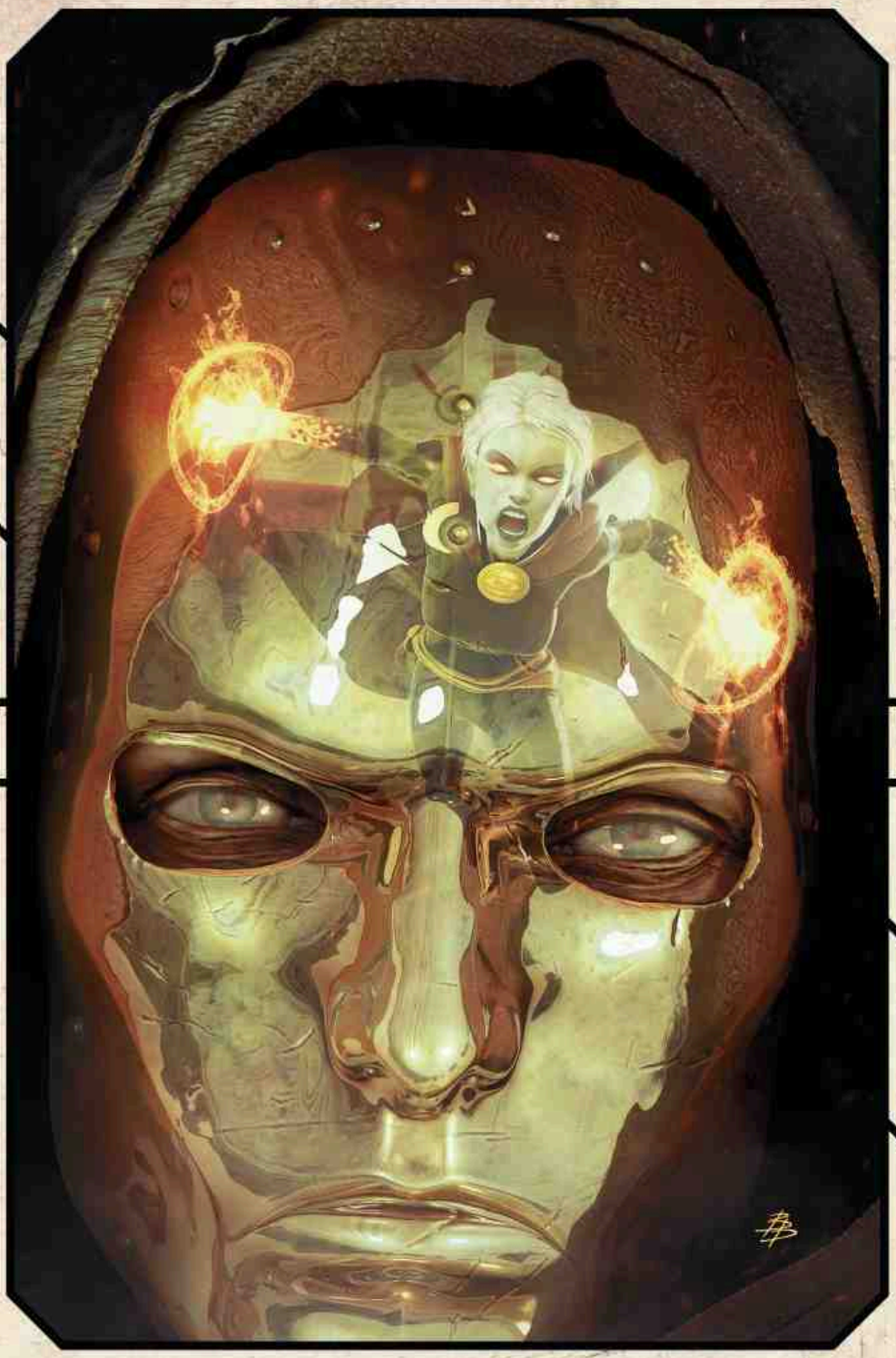

THE FALTINE ARE RENOWNED THROUGH THE MANY WORLDS FOR THEIR *RAPACIOUSNESS*, THEIR THIRST FOR *CONQUEST*.
WE ARE A PEOPLE *RULED* BY OUR *DESIRES*, AND I AM NO DIFFERENT.
THE PEOPLE OF *THIS* WORLD BELIEVE THAT GRIEF SHOULD BE PROCESSED. THAT LOSS SHOULD BE ACCEPTED.
BUT I AM INCAPABLE OF THAT.
WOOSH
THAT SAME INSTINCT THAT DRIVES MY MOTHER TO *CONQUER*, THAT COMPELS MY UNCLE TO *SUBJUGATE*, LIVES IN *ME*.
I REFUSE TO BE THWARTED IN THE PURSUIT OF MY DESIRES. IN THE PURSUIT OF *LOVE*.
MY LOVE FOR A BRILLIANT, BEAUTIFUL, FLAWED MAN.
A MAN WHO I KNOW LOVES *ME*, EVEN IN *DEATH*.
CIRCUMSTANCES BROUGHT US TOGETHER AND TORE US APART, TIME AND AGAIN.
BUT NO MORE.


NO MORE WILL I ACCEPT THE UNCARING WHIMS OF FATE.
KRAKK
NO MORE WILL I SUFFER THE CONSTRAINTS OF MERE LIFE AND DEATH.
I HAVE THE POWER, THE WILL AND THE NERVE TO SHAPE MY DESTINY INTO A FORM THAT PLEASES ME.
AND I REJECT ANY FATE BUT THAT WHICH I HAVE MADE FOR MYSELF.
...STEPHEN?
HNNNN...
HNNNN...

...THUNNDERRSTRIIIKE!
TO BE CONTINUED!

NEXT:

Thundered!



Clea comes face-to-face with the mysterious Harvestman, as they both face off against an undead foe! But just as Clea begins to uncover ways to bring Stephen Strange back, another attack upon the magical realm is at hand! But Clea is not just any Sorcerer Supreme, she is a Warlord...and this second attack will not stand under her rule!

EMAIL US AT MHEROES@MARVEL.COM AND MARK "OKAY TO PRINT"!

ZONE